5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

114 487 Even a Vedda child should be able to pick its way through the jungle with no mark to guide it."

361 342 114 We had travelled thus a long while, and for all I knew had lost all trace of the Veddas, when we struck a stream where the foot-prints of a man and a dog were evident. Soon we were climbing up to Dhik-galge, to find, alas! that not only was it deserted, but that no Veddas had been near it for many a long day. The Veddas had lied to the Chetty!

The cave we found ourselves in was a magnificent one—long, spacious and open to the sky, with tall straight trees towering before it. Below, a stream babbled over rocks, making delightful bathing pools. Around, was the tenderest music of birds. It was a romantic spot, specially designed, as it were, by Nature for the jungle-dweller. The dome of the cave was covered with crude drawings. A broken pot had been put in a niche. There were fragments of filthy rag, a large cooking frame and dry leaves which had long previously been slept upon. The rocky floor was smooth in places where *kurrukhan* had been rubbed to flour with flat worn stones, and cupped where maize had been pounded. The *aratchi* of Paragahakelle had spoken true. A handful of moss, peeping from a crevice, revealed, when disturbed, a couple of fledglings. Our first thought was that they were young swiftlets, left there to die by ruthless nest-hunters; but they flew too strongly for that; and soon, the piteous cries of the parent birds told us that we had inadvertently rifled a fly-catcher's nest.

114 It was mid-day, and, being very tired, we sat down to a meal; I to camp-pie and chocolate, the others to raw cassava. Our hunger abated, I reminded our guides that my offer of a reward still stood, and that he would get it, who brought me up with even one of those Veddas wherever he might be. Asking us to stay where we were, Meenemaruwa and the half-Vedda of Galmede vanished into the jungle.

The better part of an hour must have elapsed when we heard the latter calling to us excitedly. He said that Meenemaruwa was in hot pursuit of the Veddas who, to judge by their traces, were making away at great speed, evidently scared by the sight of my shoe-prints.

222 224 482 142 609 Following at a run, we eventually came upon them—a wild, swarthy group of two men and two boys, freighted with the spoils of the chase; each with his sackful of edible bird's nests, dried sambur meat and *bambara* honey; the leaders with two old muzzle-loaders. May the picture not fade. Suthubanda was there, and the youth Badapissa as our sleuths had told us. But the figure that arrested my fancy most was a wild, fiery-eyed, shaggy-haired fellow of twenty-five—an ebon Apollo. Gama he was called because he was born on a journey (*gamana*). To his waist was attached the inflated bladder of the sambur they had killed. Nor did his looks belie his character, for, even as we came up, [578] he flared into foul-mouthed fury at a tired, inoffensive boy of their company.

They were delighted with the tobacco and betel we shared out to them, and gave us honey in return. Money they refused. When we asked them how it was that they had not been in Dhik-galge as they had said they were, their only answer was a hearty laugh!

000 It was hail and farewell! for the hour was past noon, and the Veddas had many miles to make before nightfall; so had we. But those shadows of the spangled forest were soon to call me again.

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Meenemaruwa accompanied us a little way, singing Vedda songs with the voice of a priest chanting *bana*. I told him he had the throat of a drongo, which pleased him immensely. He explained, that as a boy he had been taken in hand by Buddhist priests who "straightened" his throat.

"Why are you called Murderer?" I asked.

"There was a man in our village," he said "whose wife abused everybody. I remonstrated with her, and her husband resented my interference, and bore ill-feeling towards me." (Rumour said that his relations with the woman were not quite as detached as he made out). "One day I was walking through an *illuk* field with a gun I had borrowed from a Moor, when I saw this man and two others coming towards me. The path was narrow; but who were they that I should make way for them or anyone else? This was twenty years ago, I was but a boy then. As we met, my enemy caught me by the neck and shoved me aside, and the two others struck me. I saw the devil then, and, placing my gun to the man's chest, fired; he dropped. A spark flew into my eye and, prevented my shooting the others as they ran. When I saw what I had done I went away and hid in the jungle. The first night I spent on a trestle where I used to watch for sambur; four drank at the water that night, but I had not the heart to shoot one. For a year I wandered in the forests, a hunted man, only creeping out occasionally at night to beg a little food or powder. Eventually, tiring of the life and hearing that the man I had shot had partially recovered, I sent word that I would give myself up. The *aratchi* who came to arrest me was afraid to approach me. I placed my gun aside and gave him my hands; as he clapped the manacles on there were tears in his eyes. I spent five years in various jails in the Island, seeing many places and learning much wisdom. That was many years ago; cha, I am getting older now." He left us happy with his morning's work and his well-earned reward.

The Chetty of Galmede escorted me to Maha Oya the next day where my friend, now quite refreshed, awaited me. Some hours after our arrival, I was recounting to the Chief Headman of the place, our two weeks experiences all the long and devious way from Siyambala Anduwa, when my mention of the Chetty's name suddenly electrified him.

"He came with you here, did you say?" he asked, starting up. "Then he is here now. *Aratchi*, go quick and get him. That's the man I have been wanting these two years. He's the greatest scoundrel in the Province; there are any number of writs against him; but he lives on the borders of two Provinces, and when I send my men to take him, he merely crosses over to the other side, defies them to capture him if they dare and sends back insolent messages to me. The man you call Meenemaruwa is another of his sort. If only I can get them."

That night we were dining with the Chief when a man sent a message asking if he might see him. It was the Chetty; now hand-cuffed, alas! He said something to the Chief in a whisper, and smiled that enigmatic smile of his. Was it a saint's or a scoundrel's? This time there was no doubt, for he had offered to betray his *ganja* growing accomplices among the poor half-Veddas of Galmede, as the price of his liberty.